Number 2

MONDO GEMINI

$6

The All-Male Magazine with Twice as Much Action

Adults Only

CONTENTS

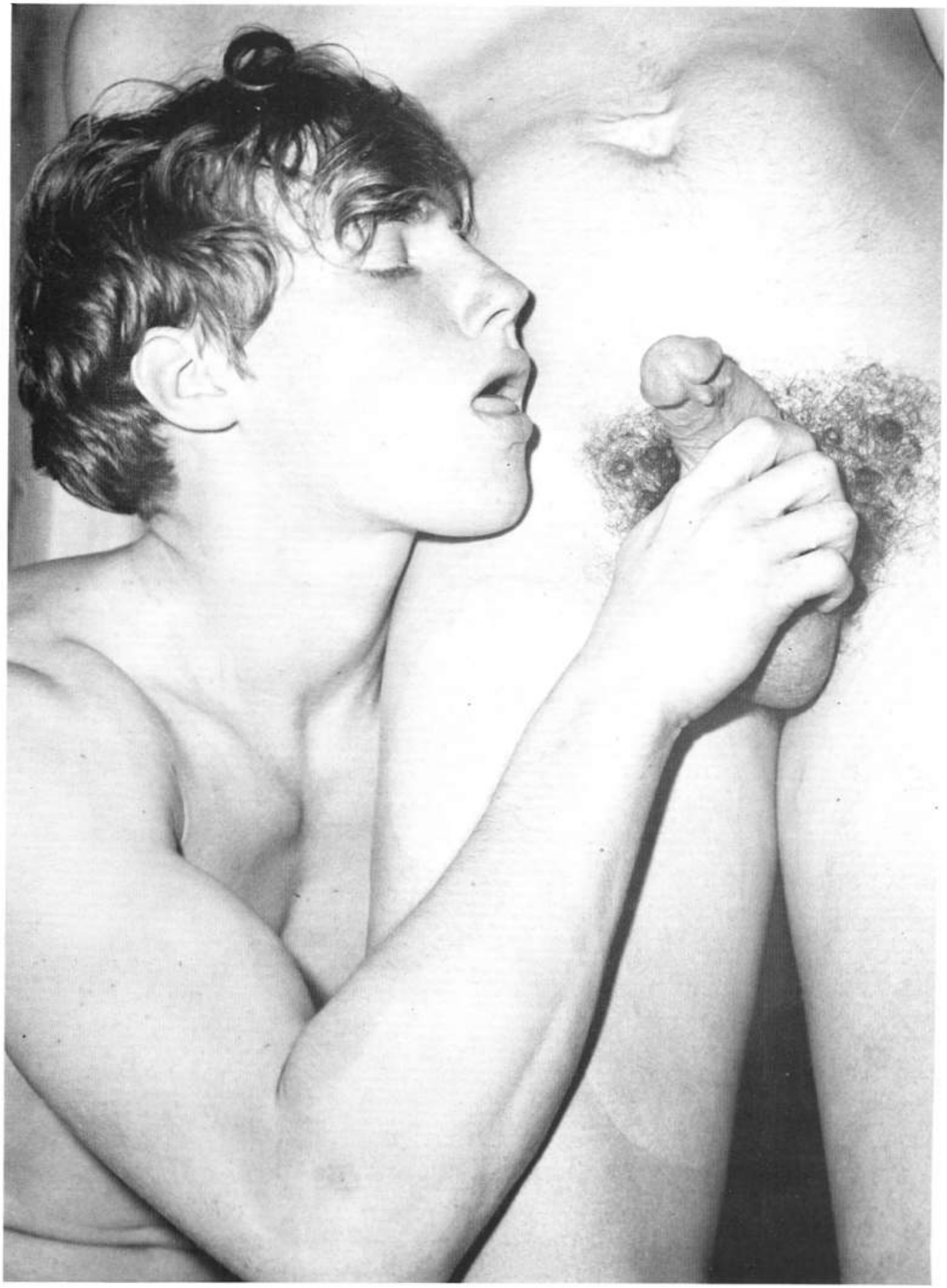
Let It Blow 4
The Let-Down 12
Caught Red-Handed 22
Terry's Tingling Talent 40

MONDO GEMINI

LET IT BLOW

Up on the great plains of Northern Nebraska, even in the middle of Summer there might be a cold wind sweep down out of the North. When that happens, people don't have much choice but to stay indoors and find some way to have some fun.

That sudden chill can be rather disconcerting when you're just a visitor and not expecting it. That's how Roy Banner felt when he got off the train and was almost blown down by the force of the wind. But his long-time buddy John Anson rescued him in the nick of time, and told him the bad news that their camping trip was off because of the weather.



Roy was a little put out by the wind, but when the two old pals got to John's place, they found that there was so much to talk about that the camping trip was completely forgotten. Roy and John had been in the Army together, and right from the start, had formed a friendship that lasted three years. They went through basic training, and then to Europe where they became known as the twins; they were always together!

There was little that Roy did that John did not copy, and the reverse was also true. Once their hitch was up, however, Roy split for the East Coast, and John headed back for the plains of Nebraska. Both lads soon found out, though, that they really missed each other. So, the camping trip was arranged. While the wind blew, they sat inside and talked over old times and compared notes on what each had been doing during the year that they had been separated. John now had his own little farm, and one of the things he talked to Roy about was helping him run the place. That really sounded like a great idea to Roy—this way they could be together again and share things just like before. As the winds slowly died, these reunited buddies sealed the bargain with some friendly play!

afternoon affair

"I tell you, his cock is the first thing to come to life when he wakes up, so speak low and stand well back." Harry's words were slowly penetrating Johnny's world of sleep like a voice from a far-off land.

Johnny lay on his back. Harry's words were true. The magnificent muscle was again making a small tentlike structure in the vicinity of his hips. His eyes slowly opened and took in the sight of Harry and Orson standing by his bed with cups of coffee in their hands. Each was dressed for the day in newly starched white shirts and ties.

"It sure is a pretty sight to see, first thing in the morning," Orson drawled.

Harry leaned over and cupped the smooth shaft of Johnny's turgid prick. "See, what did I tell you?"

Johnny blushed a deep crimson color and gave both the men

a shy smile. He still wasn't used to having so much fuss made over the magnificence of his body and male equipment. He was beginning to like it, though, and to understand the feelings that the glances and looks—and the intimate caresses—gave him.

"I do tell you, there's never been a lovelier sight," Orson said, bending his lanky figure down to plant a gentle kiss on the tip of Johnny's prick. "But lovely sight or not there's work to be done." He paused for a moment, and then added, "Now Johnny, when you get up, why don't you go to the French Market for some coffee and beignets. They're lovely little square doughnuts with lots of powdered sugar."

Harry finished his coffee. "And suppose you wear those slacks and shirt that I've set out. They look better on you than they'll ever look on me."

Johnny nodded, but sleep was still very much a part of him. The bed was cool and like a fluffy comfortable cloud. After Harry and Orson had gone, he still lay there, lost in a semi-dreamlike reverie.

It had been more or less like a dream, the way that Johnny had wound up in New Orleans all the way from Fairfield, Indiana. He had always been a quiet, moody lad, and even though he had done well in school, had had few friends; in fact, he had been friendly with only one person—little Willie—who had been his constant companion, and who in the end, he had shared everything with.

That had been the reason for his hitting the road and getting out of Fairfield. The very last thing that he had shared with Willie had been his own magnificent young cock, letting the younger lad suck him off until the creamy white cum spurted out all over the ground.

The problem was that just as he was coming—they were out on the edge of town at the picnic grounds—one of the local town busybodies had come along and caught them in the act.

Johnny didn't even bother to stop and zip up his pants. He'd headed straight for the railroad tracks and caught the first slow freight that passed. He didn't even bother to go home. He knew that there wouldn't be any use in that. His old man had always been after him, and down on him because he didn't want to mix it up in the roughhousing with the other local boys, and his mother practically smothered him to death with her constant attentions. He knew that they would never understand, and that he would forever be a marked figure in the town once the news got around.

As luck would have it, he stayed with the slow freight until it finally wound its way down to New Orleans, where he left it, and started to look around for a job and someplace to stay. Being a very good-looking and beautiful lad of eighteen, he didn't have to look very long.

He ran into Harry and Orson the very first day, while he was trying to cadge a cup of coffee at a sidewalk cafe. They had taken him under their collective wing, and had seen to all his needs for the past two weeks. And all they seemed to want in return was to love his wonderful body, and suck and lick the large protuberance of his cock until his usual giant orgasms shook his body. That was more than all right with him. He was able to please them, and at the same time, satisfy his own continual need for orgasmic relief. It wasn't unusual for him to have a hard-on most of the day, and to come five or six times a day.

He lay there in bed for a while, daydreaming about all the nice things that were happening to him, and then only a little reluctantly got up and prepared to get dressed.

It was nearly noon on a bright autumn day when Johnny entered the terrace Cafe Du Blanc in the old French Market. He sat at a table by the street. The sun was making a golden crown of his well-brushed hair. The tables were already covered with powdered sugar and coffee marks from continual usage. A boy stacked the dirty dishes. A waiter stood by him.

"I want some coffee and . . ." Johnny hesitated; that word Harry mentioned was hard to say, ". . . and those square doughnuts with sugar on them."

Which was easier than trying any of his high school French.

"Beignets," the waiter slurred the word in a disgust for all tourists.

"Yeah, that's them." He settled back watching the endless parade of slow-moving cars, trucks and the occasional horse and carriage sandwiched somewhere in between. In his line of vision was another single man at a table who apparently was also waiting on beignets and coffee.

The man was watching Johnny, and Johnny looked back. He was immaculately dressed in a dark suit with pinstriped shirt and tie. A man maybe in his middle thirties and wealthy. When Johnny looked at him a second time he sort of smiled back, and then he arose and came over to Johnny's table. "Would you mind if I join you?"

"No. You having coffee and doughnuts too?" Johnny's broad lips were well designed for smiling.

"That's right," the man answered, smiling at Johnny's obvious effort not to tackle the French word. "You're new in town?"

Yes, I'm from Indiana, and have only been here for two weeks."

"Well, I'm here from Los Angeles. My name's Fred."

"You can call me Johnny."

The coffee and beignets arrived, and then the man spoke again. "Ever been here before?"

"No, this is the first time I've ever been out of the state of Indiana."

"I come here a couple of times a year on business, and I usually manage an extra day or two just to play tourist. After all, there's no place quite like New Orleans."

"You're sure right."

"Then you are enjoying yourself?"

"Actually, I've been having a real ball."

They drank their coffee, then Johnny leaned forward, trying to eat the beignet without getting its cloud of powdered sugar all over his clothes. "My friends told me I had to start the day having these . . . doughnuts and coffee. They're sure good, but messy."

"Oh, then you have friends in town?"

"Yeah, a couple of really nice guys. They helped me out when I first hit town, and now I'm sort of staying with them."

Fred decided not to pursue the relationship of the "friends" any further for the moment. "What are you doing after you leave here?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess I'm just going to walk around. Maybe I'll go watch the sidewalk artists."

"Mind if I go along?"

"Not at all. That would be nice, since I'm on my own until my friends get home from work tonight."

"Then what do you say we celebrate us being alone, together. When I'm in town I like to have breakfast at Brennan's if there's someone to enjoy it with me."

"Well, this isn't really what I'd consider breakfast, and I could do with some after last night."

"Had a big night, huh?"

"Sure did . . . lots of beer and singing, and then they fed me raw oysters. Man, what a time."

"Then we'll just keep that going and head up to Brennan's!"

Johnny removed his shoes and lay back on the gold bedspread. This sure was a nice guy . . . and that had been some breakfast.

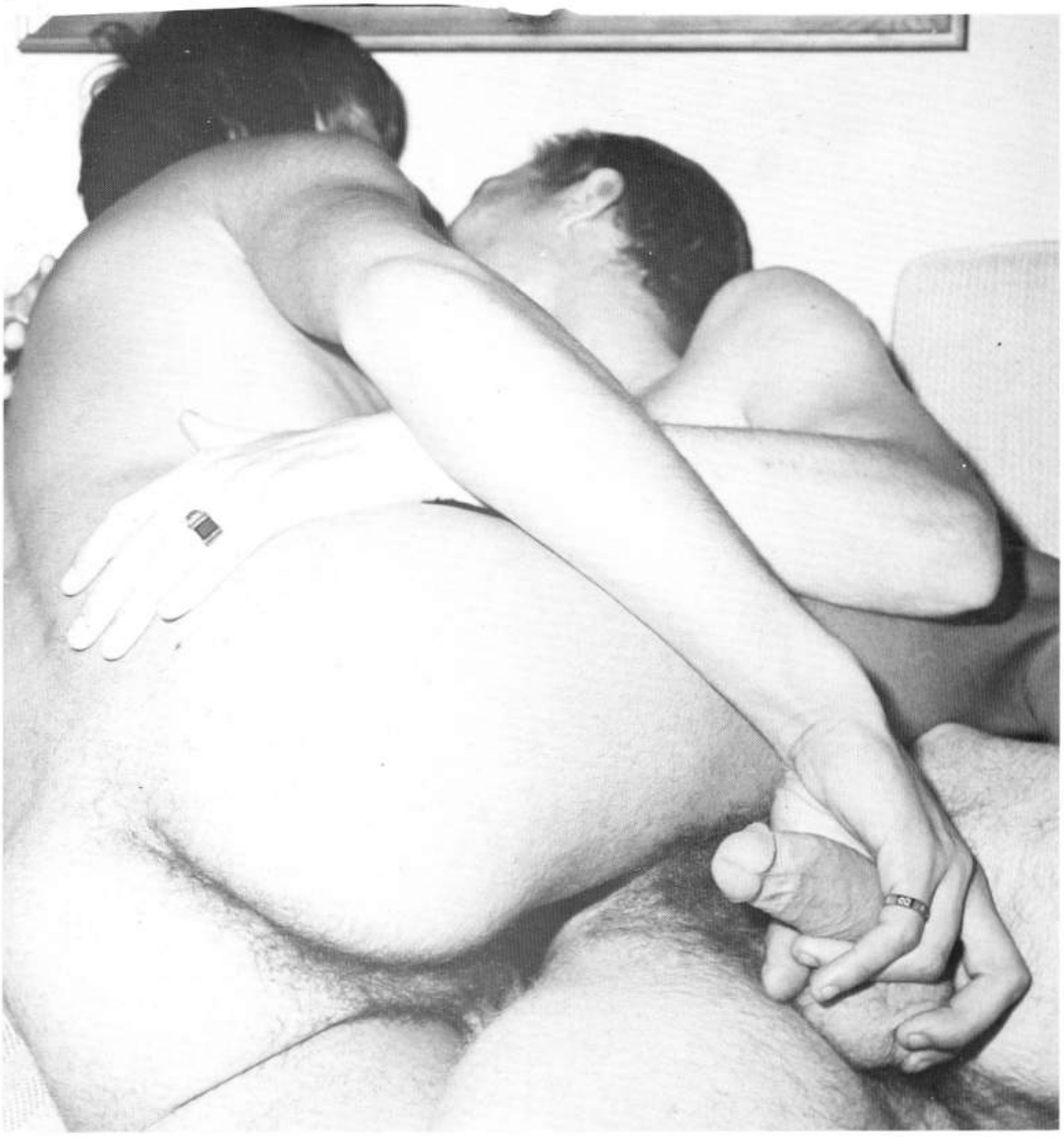
Brennan's had been bustling with the late morning crowd. Johnny goggled at the red carpeting, the gilt trimmings, the great carpeted staircase, and the

(continued on **30** *)*

Caught Hot-Handed

When you're down on your luck and broke,
just about anything goes. That's why
Tony Rusetti decided to try a little
petty larceny, to get something to eat.

Actually, Tony's try at the light-fingered bit was more or less accidental. He had gone up to this house to see if he could find some work to do for food, and there was the front door, wide open, and not a soul around. Tony was really hungry, so he went inside, and not being able to find anyone, helped himself to some food. He was also tired, so then he took a nap.



When Tony woke up, there was this guy standing over him. He figured that it was all over, but to his surprise, the guy—whose name was Pete—told him not to worry, and invited him to stay as long as he wanted. It seems that Pete had been down and out himself before, and knew what it was like. Pete was really a lonely guy because he was so shy and didn't know how to meet other guys. As it turned out, Tony was able to help out Pete just as the other lad had helped him out.

(continued from 20 *)*

crystal chandeliers. Later, he evidenced much the same reaction at the sumptuous repast that he would hardly have labeled breakfast, being from the heart of America's farming country.

Maybe it was last night's oysters, or maybe the warmth of the smooth cocktails that had accompanied the meal, but as he lay back his cock was no longer completely soft, and was making an obvious bulge in his pants.

When Fred returned with a couple of drinks for them both, Johnny sat up, but not before Fred had seen the unmistakable line of the semi-erection.

"Here's to a beautiful and most unexpected afternoon," Fred raised his glass. They drank, then on the dresser Johnny saw a leather traveling case with three pictures; a woman and two young boys. "That your family?"

"Yes." Fred handed the pictures over. "My wife and two sons."

"They're very nice looking."

"Yes, and a very nice, understanding family, too."

"Well, with a family like that, you sure must not have any problems."

Fred smiled, and then in a low modulated voice continued, "Well, only one big problem. You see, I didn't discover until after I was married, and Becky had the twins, that I preferred making love to men more than I did to women. Some women are all right, like my wife, but for any other relationship, I need the loving that only a man can give me."

"Yeah," Johnny drawled. "Is that why you picked me up?"

"Well," Fred laughed, "since you put it so bluntly, yes, that's one of the reasons."

"Well, I sure haven't got anything against that. You've been good to me, and I'd like to be good to you in return."

"You kind of take my breath away," Fred answered, swallowing a good drink of bourbon.

"I only just had it done the first time a week ago," Johnny laughed. "And last night they fed me a lot of raw oysters and it hasn't been soft since." He spread his legs, and the thick line of his semi hard-on creased the trousers. "See what I mean?"

"I sure as hell do." Fred leaned forward, then he took his drink and set on the floor between Johnny's legs, placing his hand over the rapidly thickening mass of the younger man's dork.

"Ummmmm, that feels good," Johnny moaned out.

Fred's fingers found the zipper and reached inside. He took a deep breath. "What a cock you've got, man!"

Pride welled through Johnny. "You like it?"

"Like it? It's just a little bit better than anyone has the right to hope for." He stood up. "Maybe we better get out of these clothes and with it."

Getting out of clothes was no problem, and getting with it came just as naturally. The bed was opened; luxuriously Johnny stretched out, his cock reaching for the moon once more in all the eagerness of youth.

Around the head Fred lovingly held his lips. His tongue gently caressing its small opening, then traveling into the crevices of the foreskin. He knew what a rare prize this was, and sought to make it last.

Johnny's swollen prick head became eager to travel on. Every breath Johnny took seemed to press it further in. Now it had reached Fred's throat and as it traveled down, every nerve in Fred's body began to tingle with that supreme joy of being fully alive. Then it seemed that Johnny was breathing for both of them. They were one in a rising union of ecstasy. Johnny's

hips tensed, forcing the swollen pole of flesh deep within Fred's eager throat. Holding Fred's head, Johnny began slowly working his mounting passion in and out of his throat. Fred's hands were fastened in an iron clasp to Johnny's hip muscles, drawing him closer, closer, and closer. Johnny was reaching the spending of his passion. His breathing came in long breaths and a low moan. The passion was breaking, its flood was sweeping

through his balls, rising with an ever-increasing force to the gates of the flood lock. With a final thrust and a cry the flood lock broke and a sea of young sperm shot far down Fred's throat. He gasped, held his head up for a deep breath, then took all of Johnny once more as the spurts of life flowed freely.

"Oh, man," Johnny sighed, lying back in the wonderland of sweet exhaustion. Fred still held the soft, thick warmth of life within him. Time seemed to have stopped on its cloud of ecstasy. The limp muscle was slowly beginning to lengthen again.

"I'm getting hard again," Johnny whispered. "I've never done it twice like this before, but it's sure feeling good." Once more Johnny's hips were tensing as Fred moved up and down over his stiff-standing cock. Together, Fred's head and Johnny's hips found their rhythm.

Johnny reached out with one hand, groping blindly for Fred's prick, which he knew was just as hard as his, even though not as big. He slid his hand down over the other man's back, grabbing his buttocks cheeks, and then dipping between his legs to fondle the dangling ball sack, and finally to frantically begin jacking off that smooth-surfaced rod of man love.

Once more deep breaths were coming from Johnny. In a low moan he began whispering, "I'm coming again, Fred, get ready." That warm flood was rising inch by inch, and as it rose each nerve in Johnny's body once more tingled with the exquisite feeling.

Fred was panting so hard now from the pulsating hand job he was receiving that he could hardly keep Johnny's whole cock in his mouth all the time. Fred raised his head, his tongue found the sensitive spot under the

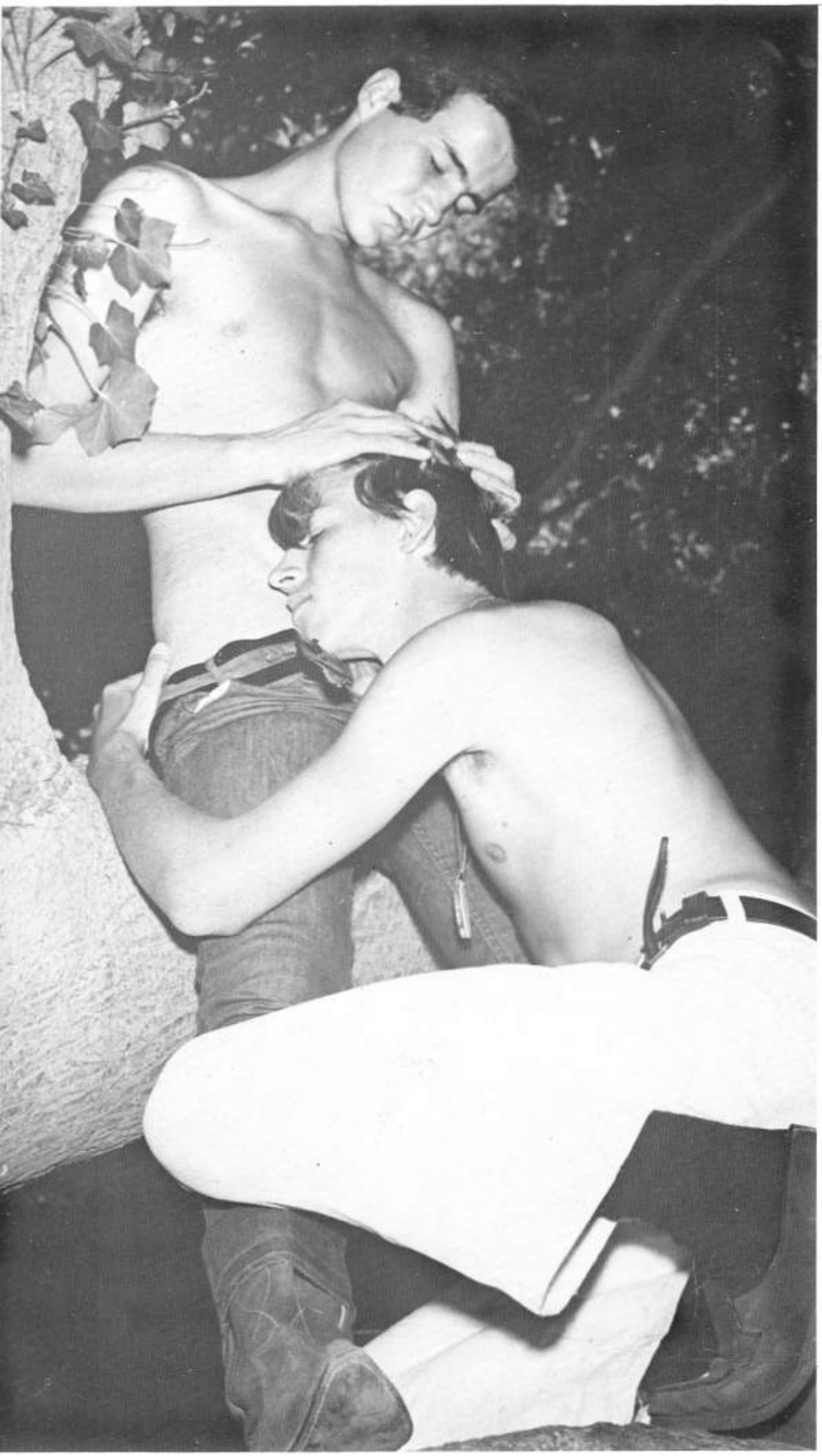
swollen head. He licked as he held his head over its swollen magnificence. His tongue had found the key, and again the frantic flopping and jerking of Johnny's member signaled the oncoming flood of cum.

There was a sharp cry from Johnny as he plunged his red-hot tool far down into Fred's throat, gushing his load of young male seed.

At the same moment, over the bed and on Johnny's belly and hand, Fred shot gobs of the thick, creamy substance, releasing his own built-up flood. They lay there panting, each still trying to continue to milk the other for just a little more of the sweet juices of life.

Finally they both fell into a sleep of sweet exhaustion, their bodies still twined together.

It was almost dark when they awoke and Johnny sat up. "Guess I'd better be going. My



friends will be coming home now."

Fred rose, lit a cigarette and handed it to Johnny. "How about another drink?"

"I sure could use it." Johnny sat up and finished the melted ice water. Fred took the glasses and refilled them.

"I guess that's about the most wonderful afternoon I've ever lived. So, here's to it." Fred raised his glass.

"It was for me, too."

Then Fred went over to the dresser, opened his wallet and took out a bill. "Johnny, I want you to take this and get yourself something you'd like to have—to remind you of me."

"I don't need money, Fred." Johnny said, with a little heat in his voice. "I have something better—every time my cock gets hard, I'll think of you."

"No, Johnny, take it. I want you to have it for showing me the most wonderful time I've ever had."

"Oh, no. I can't take money for enjoying myself and helping bring enjoyment to you. You've more than paid me. It's the best that I've had yet, as well." Johnny shook his head in determination.

Fred sighed, and returned the money to his wallet as Johnny rose and went into the bathroom. When he returned, Fred again raised his glass. "Then, my friendly lover Johnny, here's to hoping we meet again someday." A strange smile brought his brows together. "On second thought, maybe we better not ever meet again. It would probably alter the entire story of my life. Facetious as that may sound, I mean it. Johnny, you're just too much!"

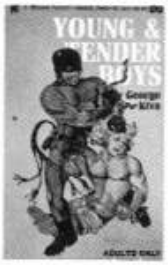
They stood with their arms around each other, and kissed in a long, tender embrace. Then Fred held Johnny's shoulders and said with a smile on his lips, "However, the next time I'm in town, I'll probably have coffee and beignets . . . that is, doughnuts . . . at the same place."

Both laughing at the intimate joke that only they could share, they walked out the door hand in hand. ■

MALE LICIOUS

THE POCKET BOOKS YOU CAN REALLY GET INTO.

$1.95 each



YOUNG & TENDER BOYS/TC 201

A sixteen year old adonis is trapped in a modern day Hell Fire Club that uses beautiful boys as slaves.

TEAROOM CASTLES/TC 202

Secretive stories to blow your mind about the sexual antics in any men's room.

SEARCHLIGHT INSIGHT/TC 203

An expose of brilliant clarity about a real live hustler bar and its habitues.

LIGHTHOUSE IS FOR LOVING/TC 204

A young painter and an even younger physically unbelievable, innocent stud get into it at an old lighthouse.

LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US/TC 205

A teen-age stud discovers the pleasures of "see the USA" but makes sure that a sympathetic driver shows him the sights.

WHIPPING A HANG-UP/TC 206

Is money that important? One stud, Harold, says "yes", marries an old gal and has everything except Ed, whom he loves — will Ed follow in his footsteps and renew their passionate love affair?

OVER EIGHTEEN—OVER EIGHT/TC 207

A fateful meeting, an unfortunate misunderstanding, a terrible sadistic attack decide these two young, handsome studs to remain together, no matter what.

T-TOWN TEASE/TC 208

The Tijuana underground makes the life of Doug Ferris completely unbelievable—a night of drugs; phenomenal sex and a startling, mind blowing conclusion.

CATALOGS 50c

Please mail to me the titles numbered below:

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

I have enclosed $_____ Cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ including 50c for the first item and 25c for each additional item to cover first class postage (Calif. residents add 5%.) Cash and money orders are filled the same day as they are received; personal checks must await bank clearance.

Mail to:
XXX, INC.
20251 PRAIRIE ST.
CHATSWORTH, CALIF. 91311

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State and Zip_____

_____

Signature that I am over 21

MOUTH WATERING

THE NEW DUDES/X-370

These two are not new to the Gay scene. In fact they meet in a public men's room. The rest is private. **$6.**

LOVE MACHINES/X-369

These two beauties grind it out for 48 delectable, delicious pages. **$6.**

THE LONGHORNS/X-371

As the title implies these guys are both long and horny, and they really get into some interesting camera angles. **$6.**

JOCKSTRAP #2/X-272

This magazine starts off with drooling drawings by Toby, features photos of Spike in Action and just never lets up. Only **$5.**

ALL FOUR GORGEOUS 48 PAGERS - $20

CATALOGS 50c

Please mail to me the titles numbered below:

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

I have enclosed $_____ Cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ including 50c for the first item and 25c for each additional item to cover first class postage (Calif. residents add 5%.) Cash and money orders are filled the same day as they are received; personal checks must await bank clearance.

Mail to:
XXX, INC.
20251 PRAIRIE ST.
CHATSWORTH, CALIF. 91311

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

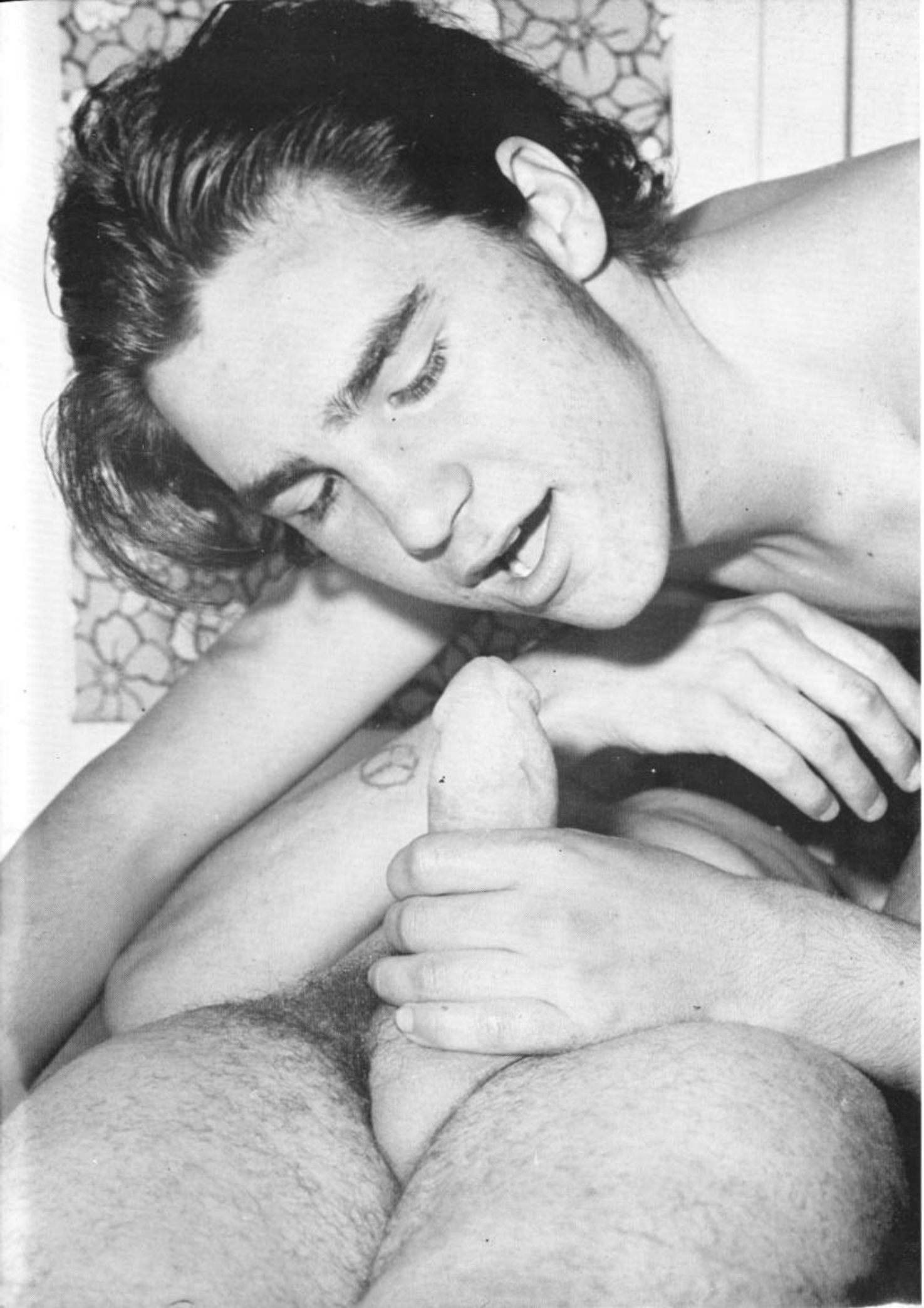
State and Zip_____

_____

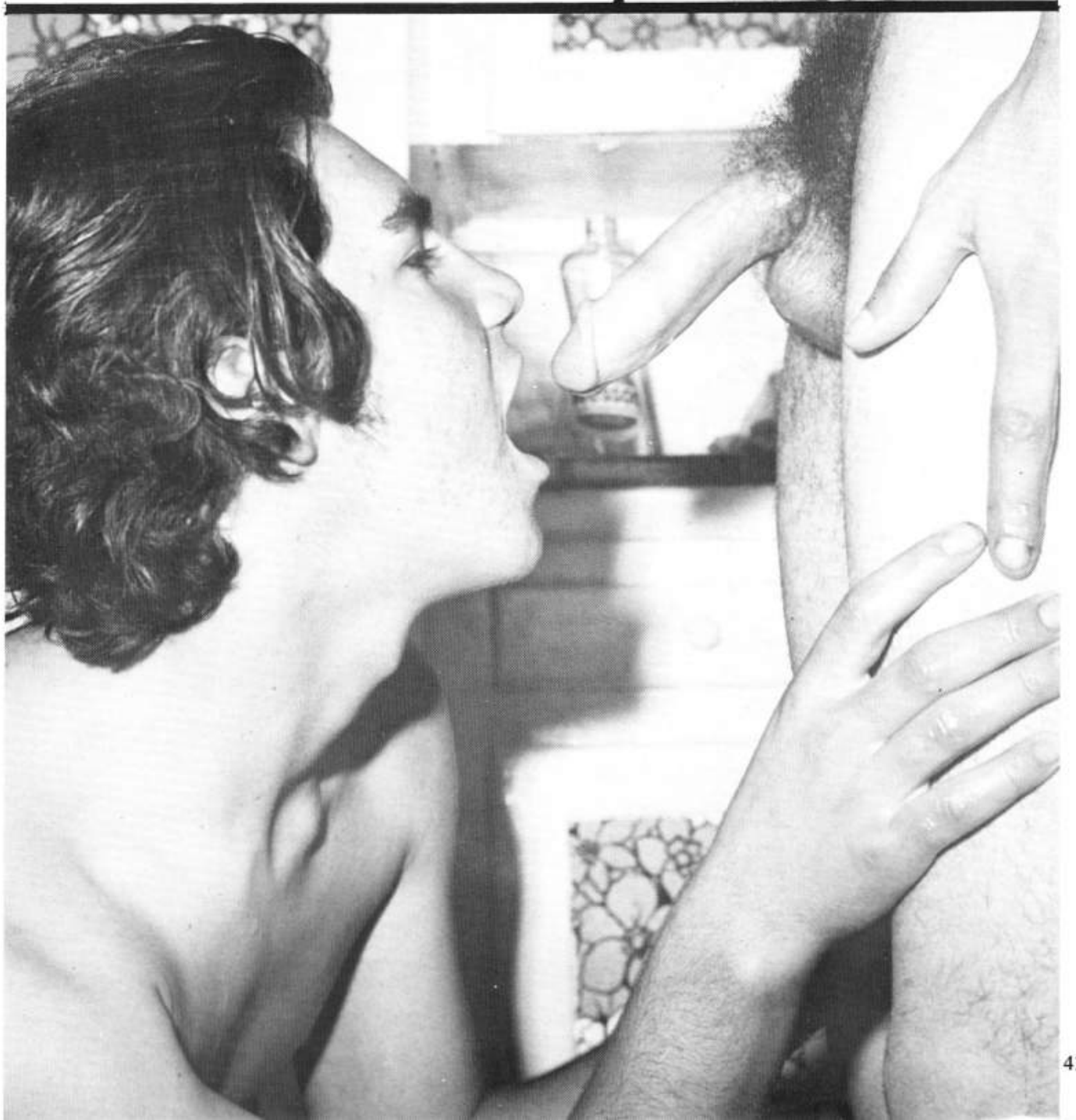
Signature that I am over 21

terry's tingling talent

Everyone says that Terry Marson has the most talented fingers in town. When Andy Bonelli heard this, he figured that he had found just the guy to help him out with his nervous tension.



Andy called Terry for an appointment, and the young masseur noted that there was a lot of need in Andy's voice, so he told him to hurry right over. It didn't take long for Terry to figure out what Andy's problem was, and he went right to work on it. Andy said later, that when Terry began to use those talented fingers, he tingled all over. Gradually, he began to relax, and at the end of their first session together, Andy felt better than he had for years. Terry said that he had also found the work stimulating, and invited Andy to come back again—on the house.



Andy eagerly awaited the next day, and was actually so nervous about it that he got all tensed up again. So Terry had to start right from scratch. But it wasn't too hard, since the same techniques were used as the first. It got harder later when he began to try some different things on Andy, who really didn't mind being experimented on. It felt so good that he even helped!

HUNG UP #1

HELLO

CALL BOY

MORE BOYS #1

BOYS TOGETHER

MORE BOYS #3

BIG D ANNUAL #1

LIGHTS CAMERA ACTION

BIG D ANNUAL #2

BOYS AND BUNS

BOYS AND MEN IN UNIFORM

BUTCH TRICKS

TOUGH

MASCULUS

FROM RICHARD WITH LOVE

DONNY

BOBBY

FRED

THE HUSTLER

TARGET

JOCK

FIRE ISLAND

ACTION LINE

MIGHTY MEN

MALE CALL #1

BIG GUNS

FIRST CLASS MALE

ACES #2

ORDER ALL 28 MAGAZINES FOR $100.00 AND RECEIVE A FREE GIFT. TIMELY BOOKS

- ☐ HUNG UP #1 $5
- ☐ HELLO $5
- ☐ CALL BOY $5
- ☐ MORE BOYS #1 $5
- ☐ BOYS TOGETHER $5
- ☐ MORE BOYS #3 $5
- ☐ BIG D ANNUAL #1 $5
- ☐ LIGHTS CAMERA ACTION $5
- ☐ BIG D ANNUAL #2 $5
- ☐ ALL 9 $5 MAGAZINES FOR $40

- ☐ BOYS AND BUNS $4
- ☐ BOYS AND MEN IN UNIFORM $4
- ☐ BUTCH TRICKS $4
- ☐ TOUGH $4
- ☐ MASCULUS $4
- ☐ FROM RICHARD WITH LOVE $4
- ☐ ALL 6 $4 MAGAZINES FOR $20

- ☐ DONNY $3.50
- ☐ BOBBY $3.50
- ☐ FRED $3.50
- ☐ THE HUSTLER $3.50
- ☐ TARGET $3.50
- ☐ JOCK $3.50
- ☐ ALL 6 $3.50 MAGAZINES FOR $20

- ☐ FIRE ISLAND $3.50
- ☐ ACTION LINE $3.50
- ☐ MIGHTY MEN $3.50
- ☐ MALE CALL #1 $3.50
- ☐ BIG GUNS $3.50
- ☐ FIRST CLASS MALE $3.50
- ☐ ACES #2 $2.50
- ☐ ALL THESE 7 MAGAZINES FOR $20

ORDER FORM – I am 21 years of age.
Order all 28 Magazines for $100.00 and receive a FREE gift. We will pay all postage charges to any state or American possession.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO **TIMELY BOOKS**
519 Acorn St. Deer Park, N. Y. 11729

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip.....

I am enclosing $..... for.....magazines.
Checks must clear before shipment.
Cash or money orders shipped immediately.

KENNY | PAUL | NICKY | BARRY | 200 BOYS #1 | 200 BOYS #2 | 200 BOYS #3

MALE ORGASM #3 | MUTUAL MAST. #1 | MUTUAL MAST. #2 | THE PICK-UP | BOYS & MEN IN LEATHER | MALE TALES | 200 BOYS #4

HUNG UP #2 | BOY STUDIES #2 | BOY PIN UPS #1 | BOYS BOYS BOYS #1 | THE SCRAP BOOK OF BOYS #1 | THE SCRAP BOOK OF BOYS #2 | 200 BOYS #5

BOY POWER | THE RICHARD BOY #1 | THE RICHARD BOY #2 | THE PHALLUS #1 | THE PHALLUS #2 | GAY SCENE | BOYS TOGETHER #2

ORDER ALL 28 MAGAZINES FOR $100.00. YOU WILL SAVE $30.00 AND GET A FREE GIFT.

- ☐ ALL 28 FOR $100.00 PLUS A FREE GIFT. A SAVINGS OF OVER $30.00.
- ☐ KENNY $3.50
- ☐ PAUL $3.50
- ☐ NICKY $3.50
- ☐ BARRY $3.50
- ☐ 200 BOYS #1 $3.50
- ☐ 200 BOYS #2 $3.50
- ☐ ALL SIX FOR $20.00

- ☐ MALE ORGASM #3 $6.00
- ☐ MUTUAL MASTURBATION #1 $6.00
- ☐ MUTUAL MASTURBATION #2 $6.00
- ☐ ALL THREE FOR $15.00

- ☐ THE PICK-UP $4.00
- ☐ BOYS AND MEN IN LEATHER $4.00
- ☐ MALE TALES $4.00
- ☐ 200 BOYS #3 $4.00
- ☐ ALL FOUR FOR $15.00

- ☐ HUNG UP #2 $5.00
- ☐ BOY STUDIES #2 $5.00
- ☐ BOY PIN-UPS #1 $5.00
- ☐ BOYS BOYS BOYS #1 $5.00
- ☐ SCRAPBOOK OF BOYS #1 $5.00
- ☐ SCRAPBOOK OF BOYS #2 $5.00
- ☐ 200 BOYS #4 $5.00
- ☐ 200 BOYS #5 $5.00
- ☐ BOY POWER $5.00
- ☐ THE RICHARD BOY #1 $5.00
- ☐ THE RICHARD BOY #2 $5.00
- ☐ THE PHALLUS #1 $5.00
- ☐ THE PHALLUS #2 $5.00
- ☐ GAY SCENE $5.00
- ☐ BOYS TOGETHER #2 $5.00
- ☐ ALL FIFTEEN FOR $65.00

ORDER FORM – I am 21 years of age.
Add 50 ¢ per item on orders under $25.00. We pay postage charges to any state or American possession on orders over $25.00. Checks must clear before shipment. Cash or Money Orders shipped immediately.

I am enclosing $ _____ for _____ magazines.

TIMELY BOOKS, 519 Acorn Street, Deer Park, N.Y.11729

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

Number 2

MONDO GEMINI

$6